Or Something by blindasadrac

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Summary:

Steve notices Jonathan looking around the locker room in a not-so-no-homo kind of way, and brings it up to him. Gay shenanigans ensue.

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“Good game,” Billy slapped Steve hard on the back as their gym class filed into the locker room. Steve glared at him and shrugged away from his grip, stomping towards the showers.

As the hot water rushed over his shoulders, Steve closed his eyes and tried not to fume about leading his team to a loss. It was just dodgeball anyways. He opened his eyes and reached out for his soap, but his gaze immediately caught on Billy’s muscled arms across the shower room. He had his back turned to Steve, who gulped and let himself look a little farther down. He wasn’t gay or anything, and he certainly hated Billy’s guts, but damn. Couldn’t he just appreciate his body?

His eyes raked down Billy’s figure. The lines of his body were harder, more square, than any of the girls Steve had seen in old porn magazines. Especially his hip bones. They almost looked like they would be sharp to the touch. Nope, Steve stopped himself there. That was as far as he would let his imagination wander- there would be no thoughts of touching.

“Ahem,” Steve’s eyes snapped up, searching for the source of the little cough, and landed on Jonathan Byers, who had his eyebrows raised and was making pointed eye contact with Steve.

Steve flushed and quickly looked away, fumbling for his soap.

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Steve rolled down his windows and let the spring evening breeze blow through his hair as he drove to the Wheeler’s house. He liked to tell himself he agreed to taxi Dustin around as a favor to Ms. Henderson but it was honestly more for his own benefit; Dustin really was like the younger brother Steve never had. And besides, he needed someone to pass his hair legacy onto.

Steve pulled up to the front of the driveway and slammed the door to his BMW shut. He shoved his hands in his jean jacket pockets and shuffled up the walkway. Before he could knock on the door, Mike’s

mom threw it open.

“Steve!” she smiled her thin-lipped smile at him, “I heard you drive up, come on in sweetie.”

He walked down the hall to the basement door and listened in to the shouting from the other side of it.

“No you can’t roll to dodge the arrows, you’ve already been impaled!”

He pushed the door open and stuck his head down the stairwell. “Dustin? It’s nine, time to go.”

“I can’t leave now!” Dustin cried earnestly.

“We’re just getting to the important part, this’ll decide the whole ending of the campaign!” Mike added solemnly.

“Fifteen minutes, I promise,” begged Dustin.

Steve rolled his eyes, “Yeah right,” but he shut the door and sat down against the wall at the end of the hallway. How had he ended up as a dad so young again? As he prepared himself to be waiting for upwards of an hour, he heard the front door open and shut again, followed by another, “Come on in sweetie!”

Jonathan appeared near the basement door and reached for the handle. “No use!” Steve called down the hallway. “Looks like they’re in it for the long haul,” he warned.

Jonathan shot a sideways smile at Steve and joined him on the floor. Steve tried to ignore the way his stomach jumped when Jonathan’s knee brushed his. Jonathan pulled his Walkman out of his pocket and offered Steve an earbud silently. Steve put it in and was immediately surprised by what he heard. “You like Ziggy Stardust? I expected something a little less mainstream,” he teased.

“What can I say?” Jonathan laughed, “I just have a hard-on for Bowie.” He gave Steve a look, who turned red and looked down. So he hadn’t imagined Jonathan watching him creep on Billy in the locker rooms earlier.

There was a long pause, the silence filled with nothing but the music and garbled arguments from downstairs.

“I’m not into him or anything,” Steve blurted out after a minute, staring intently at the carpet instead of looking at Jonathan, “I was just, uh-”

“Looking?” Jonathan finished.

“Well, yeah,” Steve admitted. “But only from, like, a physical standpoint.” He was just embarrassing himself further, he didn’t know why, but he really wanted Jonathan to understand.

“It’s okay man, really,” Jonathan stopped him.

More silence.

“Objectively, I mean, he’s pretty hot,” Jonathan added.

Steve side-eyed him for a quick second. “So… you’re like… into that?”

Jonathan shrugged.

“Have you ever… with a guy before?” Steve asked.

“I’ve done some stuff.”

“Like what?” Steve asked, intrigued. He corrected himself, “I mean, you don’t have to tell me.”

“Have you ever, anything?” Jonathan returned.

“No, never.”

“But, you want to,” Jonathan asked, but it didn’t sound like a question.

For some reason the way Jonathan wasn’t scared to ask if he wanted it made Steve realize he did. He looked up, making full eye contact with Jonathan for the first time. He was surprised that Jonathan looked just as uncertain as Steve felt. Jonathan’s face was closer to

his than he had anticipated. Oh god, too close- Steve felt frozen in place. Jonathan's eyes flicked down over Steve's lips, then back up to his eyes.

"Do you want to?" It was a question that time. Jonathan looked at Steve's lips again and his gaze stayed there.

Steve jerkily nodded so slightly he wasn't sure if his head actually moved.

Jonathan leaned in until there was only an inch or two between their faces and blinked unsurely at Steve. Steve could feel their knees touching again and let out a shaky breath. He steeled himself and quickly closed the gap, shoving their lips together hard. Their closed mouths smashed together ungracefully, and Steve could feel his lip split a little bit from how hard their teeth hit.

Jonathan pulled back a little and gripped Steve's face with one hand. "Here," he said, pulling Steve closer and pressing their lips together gently. Steve tried to relax and reminded himself it was just like kissing a girl. He parted his lips slightly and their mouths moved together for a minute.

Jonathan moved his hand from Steve's jaw to his hair and pulled him in more. Steve let out a hard breath and moved so his knees were on either side of Jonathan's lap, straddling him. Jonathan's grip on Steve's hair tightened and he broke the kiss, moving his lips to Steve's neck, pressing hot open-mouthed kisses from his jaw to his earlobe. Steve gasped as Jonathan bit down on his neck, his hands finding a hold in the back of Jonathan's shirt. Jonathan kissed him again and slid his hands under Steve's shirt, grabbing him by the hips and pulling him down hard into his lap.

"Oh," Steve choked as Jonathan grinded up into him, their jeans rubbing together. Steve hadn't realized how hard he was already, let alone that Jonathan was just as hard beneath him. Jonathan was gripping Steve's hips hard, pulling them against his in a broken rhythm. Steve kissed Jonathan harder, biting his bottom lip and sliding his thigh in between Jonathans'.

"Fuck," Jonathan whispered into the kiss, yanking Steve's hips down

more and more frantically. Steve bit back a moan and pulled away, biting Jonathan's shoulder to stay quiet as he rode his thigh. He dug his nails into Jonathan's back and moaned into his neck. It felt embarrassingly good and they were both fully clothed. Steve felt like he could come just from this, feeling Jonathan's rough fingers against his hips and cock against his thigh, hearing Jonathan pant into his ear.

Jonathan pulled away all of the sudden, pushing Steve out of his lap. Steve looked up in confusion as the stairwell door slammed open, the kids running upstairs talking animatedly about the final monster being defeated.

"C'mon Steve!" Dustin called, "Mom'll kill me if we're not home by ten!"

Steve stood up somewhat disorientedly and took a couple shaky steps towards Dustin before turning and glancing back at Jonathan. "Uh, see you at school," he said, somewhat convinced that he'd just hallucinated the last twenty minutes.

"Yeah, see ya," Jonathan returned, and Steve could tell by his little smirk that it was no hallucination.

So maybe he was gay or something.

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Steve smiled, eyes closed, standing under the pressure of the locker room shower. He'd told himself that if he could get his dodgeball team a win he would skip sixth period and reward himself with an extra long shower. He listened to the footsteps of the rest of the class leave the locker room. When he opened his eyes he was surprised to see that he wasn't alone after all. Jonathan smiled at him through the shower steam.

Steve flushed as Jonathan's eyes wandered over him. Sure, they'd both been in the same locker room dozens of times, but it felt different to see each other naked now.

Jonathan crossed the room and closed his fingers around Steve's

wrist.

“What are you doing?” Steve asked, caught halfway between nervous and excited, but mostly just horny.

“This,” Jonathan backed Steve up against the wall and pinned his wrists to the wall, sliding down onto his knees. The water ran over Jonathan, his hair dripping in his face as he looked up at Steve through wet eyelashes.

“Is this okay?” he asked, pressing a kiss to the soft skin between Steve’s thigh and dick.

“Yea- yes,” Steve managed to get out quietly, his thighs shaking slightly.

Jonathan gently sucked on the skin of Steve’s lower stomach. Steve could feel his hot breath on the base of his cock. His head thunked back against the wall as Jonathan pinned his wrists harder against the wall and slowly lowered his mouth onto Steve’s cock. Steve let out a shaky moan, his fingers scrambling against the wall, trying to find a grip on the tiles. Jonathan pulled away and kissed the inside of Steve’s thigh.

“N- don’t fucking stop,” Steve panted, “please, please don’t stop.”

Jonathan looked up at him, surprised. Steve was surprised at himself too, but he would’ve gotten on his knees and begged to get Jonathan’s mouth back.

“Please, Jonathan,” he moaned, “please.”

Jonathan wrapped his lips around Steve’s cock again and let go of his wrists, placing Steve’s hands in his hair. Steve tangled his fingers in Jonathan’s hair, yanking him down desperately.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he groaned, his hips snapping forward as he fucked Jonathan’s face. Jonathan gripped the sides of Steve’s thighs tightly and just fucking took it, moaning around Steve’s cock. He looked up at Steve, water streaming down his face, and wrapped his hand around his own cock, stroking himself desperately. His muffled moans were getting louder and louder, and Steve couldn’t hold on

anymore, not seeing him like that, getting so hot just from sucking him off that he couldn’t wait to touch himself. He yanked Jonathan away by his hair and came hard across Jonathan’s face and shoulders.

Steve slid against the wall to the ground and pulled Jonathan close to him, replacing Jonathan’s hand on his cock with his own and kissing him deeply. Jonathan dug his nails into Steve’s back and gasped and moaned into his mouth as he came over Steve’s hand.

Steve slumped against the tiled wall and shot Jonathan a satisfied grin. Jonathan let himself fall back on his elbows and looked up at Steve, smiling just as wide.

He was definitely gay or something.

Author's Note:

> Listen, a bitch is tempted to write a sequel involving Billy.... I'm a sinner.